

# WHY WE WELSH SING

By  
LLEW  
DYFFRYN

## WE WANT PICTURES

IT is the desire of "Good Morning" to adopt the suggestion put forward by several submariners we have met—namely, to bring their wives, sweethearts, children and family pets as PICTURE GUESTS in these pages.

Our photographers visiting various parts of the country are waiting to photograph them—when you send us their addresses! So if you think you would rather see the girl-friend smiling from the back page at you one day, than all the screen stars in creation—well, drop us a line with her address.

You will find the address of "Good Morning" always on the back page under the title of the paper.

Here it is again:—

"Good Morning,"

c/o Press Division,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Many members of your family at home are probably doing interesting and important war work. We would like to get their stories and pictures. Maybe your dog has had pups—or your rabbits have been reproducing themselves—or your little sister has started her first school. These things make the personal pictures you may like to see in your own newspaper.

It's in your hands to help us to get them, as and when we are able to get around with that camera.



A typical choir of Welsh miners with their working conductor.

## The Boy in the Pit Stores

By  
JOHN NELSON

HE was just the Boy in the Pit Stores. A very junior assistant to the colliery warehouseman.

A good enough job, really. For were not many of his pals unemployed? And yet it was not the job he wanted.

He found it dull, tedious, uninteresting, working there all day among the stacks of

shovels, the picks, the safety helmets, the lamps—brand new, all of them, but each with its own particular coating of grime.

What he longed for was an open-air job. Why couldn't he always feel the wind against his face, fresh green turf beneath his feet? Always, instead of just occasionally.

Maybe, if he worked hard enough and saved enough, he could one day become a farmer. Or perhaps something overseas. Perhaps even a jockey!

His friends used to say he had a way with horses—and he wasn't growing much, anyway.

Ye Gods! If only he had the chance. If only...

That chance did come his way.

Someone offered to get him apprenticed to Martin Hartigan's stable. He would have opportunity enough there to try his way with horses. If he was good enough, a successful career lay ahead of him.

A career in the open-air; with the wind always against his face; the green turf constantly under his feet...

So the Boy in the Pit Stores went to Martin Hartigan.

All that was 24 years ago. The miner's son who was the Boy in the Pit Stores is now...

Gordon Richards, champion jockey 15 times over, winner of more races on the Turf than any other man, living or dead.

When he rode home on Scotch Mist in the Cannon Yard Stakes at Windsor in April, Gordon eclipsed Fred Archer's record total of 2,749 winners.

Scotch Mist was the 2,750th horse that the Boy in the Pit Stores had steered first past the post in a Turf career that has extended over nearly a quarter of a century.

When young Richards joined Hartigan's stable, Steve Donoghue, then at the height of his fame, was its first jockey.

How much the novice from the pit learned from peerless Steve only Gordon himself knows.

Steve spent many hours coaching the youngster; passed on many a tip that was destined in years to come to make all the difference between another winner and an also-ran.

The then champion and the champion-to-be became great friends. They remain so to this day.

"I feel I must pay tribute to my colleagues and employers. Nor shall I ever forget those people who helped me early in my career, especially Mr. Martin Hartigan and Steve Donoghue."

So said Gordon when reporters interviewed him after his 2,750th winner.

It is typical of the modesty of the man.

One honour still has not come Gordon's way. In all those 24 years he has never ridden a Derby winner. Archer, in his career, rode five.

"I hope to go on riding for many years yet before I begin to think of taking up training or any other career," said Richards.

There is still time for that long-awaited triumph to materialise.

"When he entered the unsaddling enclosure on Scotch Mist, the spectators, standing three deep, began to break into hand-clapping and cheering."

"This went on for a minute or more, and the champion's face broke into a smile."

"He unhitched his saddle, slung it over his shoulder, and gave his mount an affectionate pat as he strode into the weighing room."

So runs a newspaper account of that record-breaking ride at Windsor.

The Boy from the Pit Stores still has a way with horses.

There is nothing so galling for a man of spirit as to move at a woman's bidding. Liam O'Flaherty.

BEING a Welshman. I am often asked, "Why do the Welsh sing so well?"

I have heard two reasons given. One is that the air of the hills and valleys of Wales tends to develop singers; the other that, as a race, the Welsh have been bestowed with the special gift of song.

The former reason is most certainly wrong, as anyone who has visited the great industrial valleys of S. Wales would know full well. And yet it is from these parts that some of the Principality's finest singers come!

The air is far from healthy, and is more likely to bring the inhabitants to an early grave, instead of helping to produce golden voices.

### Some cannot

As regards the second reason—if this were so, it would tend to suppose that everyone with Welsh blood must of necessity be a good natural singer. And this is not so!

There are some Welsh people who cannot sing a note in tune (very few, it is true), but the love of music and singing is in them just the same.

Still, there is some truth in the supposition of the gift of song being bestowed on the Welsh as a nation, but I would say that they feel life very deeply, and that with singing they are able to relieve their emotions.

The Welsh, as a race, are very emotional, and have a natural sense of the dramatic. They are born actors; they can make a drama from the ordinary everyday events of life—in just the telling of them. They also tend to greatly exaggerate any tale, and to the prosaic, matter-of-fact person may seem to be actually telling falsehoods; but one Welshman understands another quite well.

All this helps one to understand how complex is the emotional make-up of the average Welshman—and how, without some kind of outlet, his feelings would sometimes prove too much for him.

So there it is—his outlet is music. Music of all kinds, but chiefly that made by the voice. They sing at their work, they sing in the streets, they sing in the home, and they give of their best in their singing practices.

Come with me to a singing practice held in the local church hall in one of these small coal and steel towns of the Welsh valleys.

It is a Sunday afternoon, this being the time most convenient for singing practices to be held, and the streets outside are quiet with the Sabbath stillness that is typical in those parts.

### In the Practice Hall

Push open the door, and the hum of voices at once greets our ears, and we see a number of men (about 125 in all) standing about, talking eagerly and indulging in friendly argument about the forthcoming Elstedd-fod, or about some singer or concert, or what chances they have in the contests in the near future.

These men—mostly dressed in their Sunday best, others perhaps more shabby, but still neat and clean—have given up a precious Sunday afternoon to sing.

The majority of them are colliers, with the marks of their trade stamped upon them. Blue-scarred faces and hands. Others may be tinworkers, and they, too, have the marks of their calling—thin, drawn faces, red faces scorched by the heat of the furnaces, and hard, misshapen hands caused by handling heavy, white-hot tinplate.

Suddenly a voice is heard above the murmur of the crowd—"Come along, boys, let's get to work! You have had

your five minutes' break." The conductor taps with his baton on the stand.

The men group themselves into their respective places. "We will now sing the chorus, 'We never will bow down,' and sing as if you meant it."

There is a short silence—and then, like the triumphant peal from a mighty organ, the voices all join in perfect harmony to voice their defiance of the idols that would have their hearts and lives.

Looking on the faces of the singers, one is conscious of a remarkable change. They are transfigured, and their eyes are shining with a glorious conviction. No—they never, never will bow down to the "golden calf," or to any Hitler—or anyone else like him!

They have not bowed down to unemployment, semi-starvation, and all the trials that these Welsh valleys have known in the past.

They will not bow down before the Nazi bomb or anything else that the enemy may use against them. No—they will sing their way to victory—they have done so in the past and they will do so in the present.

### The only way

Why, Welshmen cannot do other than sing! It is their way—the only way—in which they can express their feelings! All those deep emotions which only choke the inarticulate Englishman come forth in a golden flood of sound from the throat of the Welshman.

Can anyone doubt—hearing them sing—that these men, with their deep, inborn religious convictions and the knowledge of their ancient British heritage within them, would die for freedom's sake, work for it, and sing for it?

## ODD CORNER

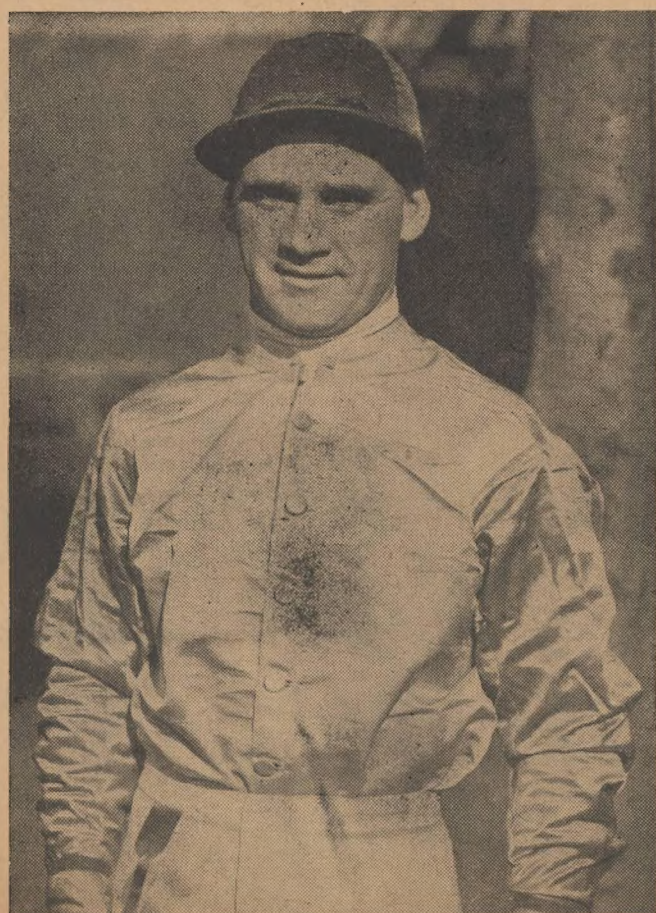
ELIAS ASHMOLE, who founded the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, suffered from the ague. He records how he cured it thus: "I took early in the morning a good dose of Elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away."

William Cobbett suffered from the whooping-cough, and tried many remedies. At last he thought of "riding wet to the skin two or three hours amongst the clouds on the South Downs." In his "Rural Rides," he tells us: "I had a spell of the whooping-cough the day before I got that soaking, and I have not had a single spell since."

According to "The Compleat Gentlewoman" of 1711, "To Cure the Bite of a Mad Dog, Write on a piece of paper these words: Rebus, Rubus, Epitescum. Give it to the party or Beast Bitten, to eat in Bread. This never fails."

John Parkinson, physician to James I, was an enthusiastic gardener. For baldness he recommended rubbing the scalp with the bulb of a Madonna lily. Julius Caesar is said to have preferred the onion for the same purpose, and it is notable that the onion is also of the lily family.

At Glendale, Ohio, the birth of a child is broadcast by the ringing of church bells. For a boy, "Little Jack Horner" is played by the ringers; for a girl, "Mary Had a Little Lamb."



Great little figure of the Turf, this is a typical picture of cheery Gordon Richards—one of the greatest jockeys of all time.



## Periscope Page

# WANGLING WORDS—10

1.—The only single-word rhyme to the word "silver" is said to be "ilver," the name of a small stream near St. Albans. Can you find any other rhymeless words?

2.—Which of the following words are mis-spelt? Terebinth, Muasoleum, Dinosaur, Pemmican, parrallel.

3.—Change HARE into SOUP, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: GRASS into GREEN; EYE into LID; CAT into DOG; PIG into SOW.

## QUIZ for today

1. Who wrote "The Red Badge of Courage," "The White Company," and "The Blue Lagoon"?

2. How fast does a racing greyhound travel?

3. How many of these words can be found in the Bible: Bat, Ball, Stump, Pitch, Field, Slips, Overthrow, Bowl, Catch, Pavilion?

4. What is spikenard?

5. For what particular use was the dachshund intended?

6. Where does most of the world's nickel supply come from?

7. How many silver three-penny pieces can be laid on a half-crown without overlapping the larger coin or each other?

8. Between what hours must a burglar work?

9. When was the game of Bridge first introduced into England, and why is it called "Bridge"?

10. Who was the first poet to be buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey?

11. What King of England rode his own racehorses?

12. Silly people are called "mugs." Why?

## Answer to 12-pointed Star

A 2, B 12, C 22, D 8, E 18, F 4, G 14, H 24, J 10, K 20, L 6, M 16.

## How to write Verse—3

By LOUIS MacNEICE

SCHOOL text-books are filled with nonsense about metre. Do not trouble yourself with all this business of "shorts" and "longs." In any English sentence there are certain syllables of certain words which you stress or can stress; e.g., you say, "Mister Jones came round this morning," and you could say, "Mister Jones came round this morning," but you would not say, "Mister Jones came round this morning"—nor would you ever omit the stress on Jones.

The problem in verse is to arrange the necessary, or possible, stresses in such a way that they constitute a musical pattern; e.g., the above sentence could go at once into one kind of metre:—

"Mister Jones came round this morning  
And he knocked upon the door" . . .

If, however, you were writing Shakespearean blank verse and you wanted to get in this fact about Mr. Jones, you would

AND it looks like it, too, when you see the sports-writers arrive just before the start of the event . . . stroll leisurely to a first-rate seat with uninterrupted view . . . vanish at the interval to (apparently) consume unlimited eats and drinks . . . take a taxi or car back to the office instead of fight for transport . . . and sometimes smoke a cigar on the journey.

Well . . . I ask you? You can't call that work, or can you?

You certainly can't call the part the fans see by such a name, but the joke is that even that is work.

Most sports fans go to an event with a biased mind . . . they have a favourite, either man or team (according to whatever the event may be), and even though they imagine themselves fair-minded, generally manage to see the event through one-sided glasses.

And heaven help the writer whose report does not agree with their ideas the next morning!

The sports-writer has to be free from prejudices.

### CALL IT A DAY.

Let's peep in on Smith-Jones, just to see how he really does spend his day, other than in that comfortable seat we envy so much.

First thing he does before, during and after breakfast is to read practically every newspaper he can buy, concentrate on the sports page, and make sure that there is not a thing printed about his particular sport which he does not either know or has anticipated, or has not written about.

There is almost sure to be some line tucked away which needs investigation, so Smith-Jones either tries to 'phone the party concerned (or his manager, or team manager), or, if possible, makes a dive out to see the person.

Neither process is easy, as these people specialise (or appear to) in being un-get-at-able, but Smith-Jones must get some definite angle on the business.

He succeeds in getting a line, and, after lunch, goes to the office.

No sooner does he stick his head into the sport-room than the Editor (who seems to have an uncanny instinct for knowing everything you ought to have done) says, "How's tricks, Smith-Jones? . . . Did you see Such-and-Such in So-and-So?"

And, if Smith-Jones can't say that he not only saw the story, but can either kill it or add to it . . . well, he is "politely" told that he might at least look after his end of his own particular sport.

And, incidentally, S.-J. must know the history of every player, must know most of them personally, must follow their transfers and injuries,

have to alter the sentence like this:—

"This morning Mr. Jones came round, and he Upon the door did knock" . . .

To gauge the effect of such stresses you must read your lines aloud and see if they sound (a) natural and (b) effective.

### Puzzle of the Century Mark

The figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 can be added together, as whole numbers and fractions, to make a total of exactly 100. Here is one way:—

$$95\frac{72}{36} + 1\frac{8}{4} = 100$$

Now, suppose to those nine figures we add the 0. This gives you 10 figures to work with. See if you can find at least two different ways in which these 10 figures can be arranged so that the same total of 100 is produced.

# A piece of cake

By AL MALE

plus, of course, a reasonable amount of their private lives.

Thus armed, S.-J. can cope with news concerning his flock as soon as it comes off the machines from the agencies.

So that when you see him at the event, he's pretty well acquainted with every possible angle before the start.

When the starting gong, whistle, or whatever it may be, goes, S.-J. is all eyes.

He daren't miss an incident. He must not drowse for an instant.

If he overlooks some detail which takes place, on the "blind" side, you can bet your boots it is a vital one, invariably leading up to something decisive . . . and all the time he must be forming an opinion and deciding which line he is going to take for his story.

### THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.

Having decided, he invariably finds that something happens which completely upsets his calculations, so off he goes again, hoping that things are shaping as he visualises.

If the event happens to be a Soccer match, he may have his

story in his head, all ready for 'phoning or writing on the way back to the office, when, just before the final whistle, a fluke goal reverses everything.

If he is "doing" a boxing story, he may feel as certain as his experience can guide him that one fellow has the verdict wrapped up ready for taking away, when, without any warning, an unlucky, or lucky, blow, puts paid to the almost certain victor . . . That, of course, gives him a better story of another kind.

And so it goes on. Smith-Jones must always be prepared for the unexpected, and be able to make a quick summing-up, always trying to make every allowance for incidents which the crowd see, but maybe do not appreciate at the time, because of their excitement. And because they are there as spectators—not intensely on duty.

On the way back he may smoke a cigar, and may appear to take things terribly easy.

But you can bet your life his mind is working fast, so that when he arrives at his desk he puts down his story non-stop . . . just like a piece of cake, in fact.

For easy reading is not always easy writing.

And in the morning he reads all the newspapers again.

If his story scoops the pool, he is a lucky man. That is the dream of every sports-writer.

## From "Good Morning" Museum GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—5



HURRY up, George, now. You're a couple of minutes late, and she seems to be getting impatient already. Even her best friend is laughing at her. Don't spoil the market, old boy. By the way, what a fine figure of a woman!

# NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

Captain Nemo. "We have no use for whale-oil on board."

"But, sir," resumed the Canadian, "you allowed us to pursue a dugong in the Red Sea!"

"That was to procure fresh meat for my crew. Here it would only

action. It is thus they have depopulated the whole of Baffin's Bay, and they will annihilate a class of useful animals. Therefore let the unfortunate cetaceans alone. They have quite enough of their natural enemies, the

at the troop of cetaceans, and ad' dressing me—

"I was right in saying whales had enough natural enemies. They will have plenty to do before long. Do you see those black moving points, M. Aronnax, about eight miles to leeward?"

"Yes, captain," I replied.

"They are cachalots—terrible animals that I have sometimes met with in troops of two or three hundred. As to those cruel and mischievous creatures, it is right to exterminate them."

The Canadian turned quickly at these last words.

"Well, captain," I said, "in the interest of the whales there is still time."

"It is useless to expose oneself, professor. The Nautilus will suffice to disperse these cachalots. It is armed with a steel spur that I imagine is quite worth Mr. Land's harpoon."

In the meantime the formidable troop was drawing nearer. They had perceived the whales, and were preparing to attack them.

There was only just time to go to the help of the whales when the Nautilus came up to them. The Nautilus sank; Conseil, Ned, and I took our places at the windows of the saloon. Captain Nemo joined the helmsman in his cage to work his apparatus as an engine of destruction. I soon felt the vibration of the screw increase and our speed become greater.

The combat between the cachalots and whales had already

Continued on Page 3.

## ★ ANSWERS ★

### Wangling Words, No. 9

1.—He stuck his bow out of the window, And shot a fat buck and a thin doe.

2.—Illiterate.

3.—PITCH, PINCH, WINCH, WENCH, TENCH, TENTH, TENTS.

WET, BET, BEY, BAY, DAY, DRY.

PIG, WIG, WAG, WAY, SAY, STY.

FOUR, FOUL, FOOL, FOOT, FORT, FORE, FIRE, FIVE.

4.—TRY, TOR, YET, POT, ROT, REP, PET, etc., etc.

be for the pleasure of killing. I know that it is a privilege reserved to man, but I do not approve of such murderous pastime. By destroying the austral as well as the ordinary whale, both inoffensive creatures, people like you, Ned Land, commit a blamable

cachalots, sword-fish, and saw-fish, without your interfering."

I leave the Canadian's face during this moral lecture to be imagined. It was a waste of words to give such reasons to a sportsman.

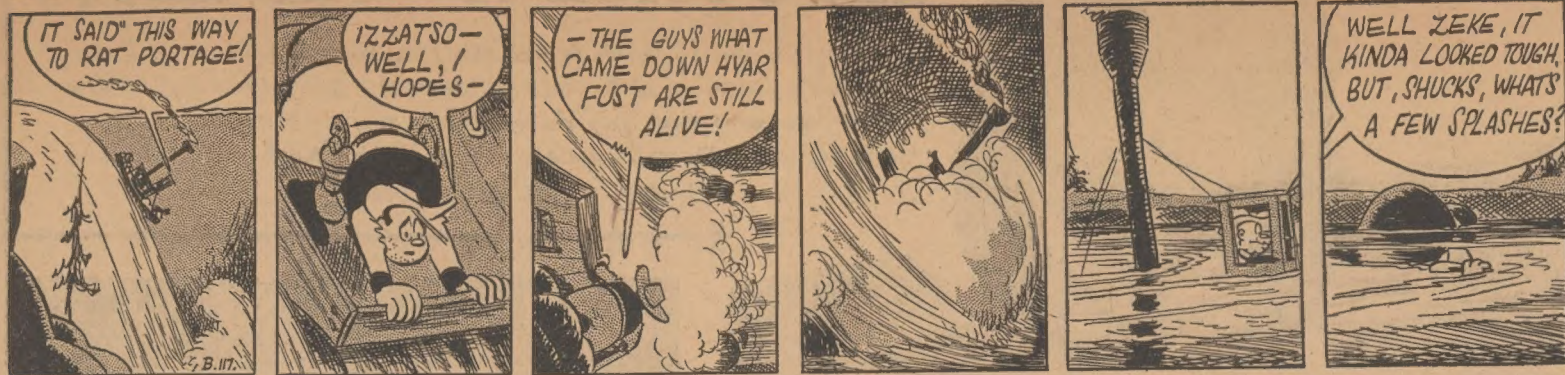
However, Captain Nemo looked

## JANE





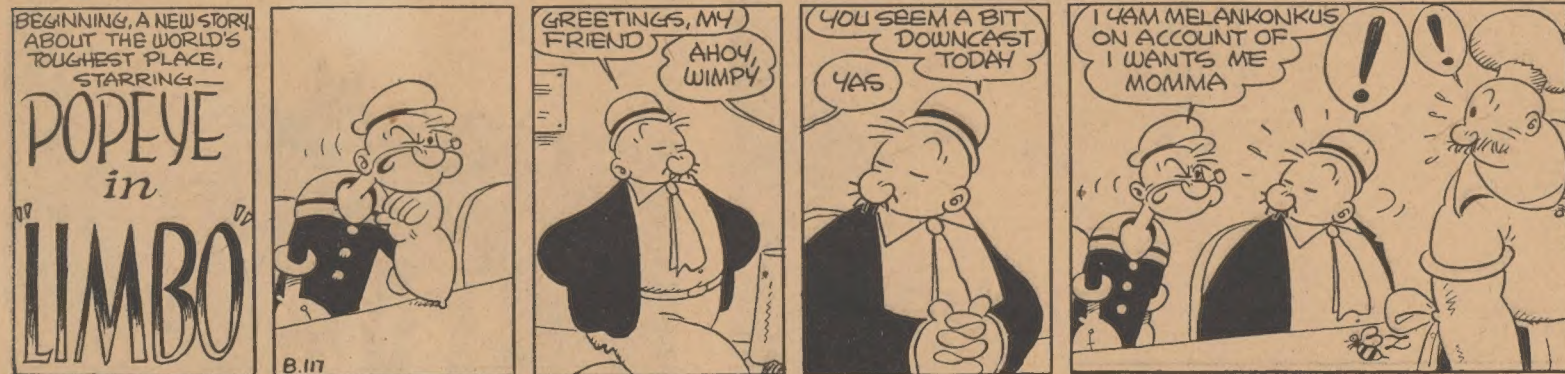
Beelzebub Jones



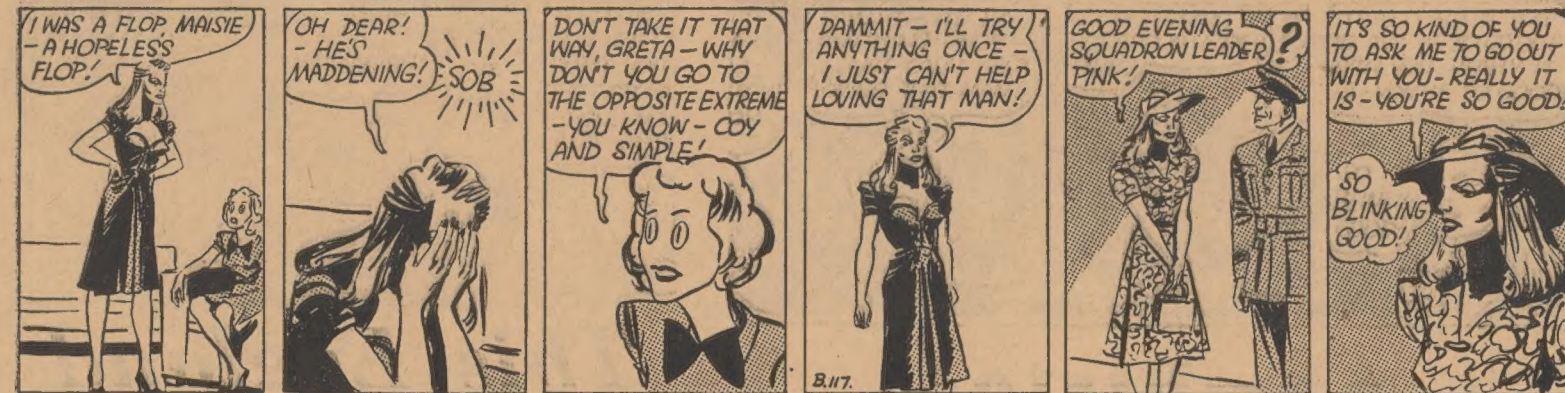
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

begin when the Nautilus reached them. It was worked so as to divide the cachalots, who at first showed no fear at the sight of the new monster joining in the conflict. But they soon had to guard against its blows.

What a struggle! Ned Land himself, soon enthusiastic, ended by clapping his hands. The Nautilus was now nothing but a formidable harpoon, brandished by the hand of its captain. It hurled itself against the fleshy mass, cut it through from end to end, leaving behind it two quivering halves of an animal. It did not feel the formidable blows on its sides from the cachalots' tails, nor the shocks it produced itself. One cachalot exterminated, it ran to another, tacked on the spot that it might not miss its prey, going backwards and forwards obedient to its helm, plunging when the cetacean dived into deep water, coming back with it to the surface, striking it in front or sideways, cutting or tearing in all directions and at any

pace, piercing it through with its terrible spur.

What carnage! What a noise on the surface of the waves! What sharp hissing and snorting, peculiar to these animals when frightened! Amidst these generally peaceful waters their tails made perfect billows.

At last the mass of cachalots was broken up, the waves became quiet again, and I felt that we were rising to the surface of the ocean. The panel was opened, and we rushed on to the platform.

The sea was covered with mutilated bodies. A formidable explosion could not have divided or cut up these fleshy masses more effectually. We were floating amidst gigantic bodies, bluish on the back, whitish underneath, covered with enormous protuberances. Some terrified cachalots were flying away on the horizon. The waves were dyed red for several miles round, and the Nautilus was floating in a sea of blood.

Captain Nemo joined us.

"Well, Mr. Land?" said he.

"Well, sir, answered the Canadian, whose enthusiasm had calmed down, "it is a terrible spectacle, certainly. But I am not a butcher—I am a hunter, and this is only butchery."

"It is a massacre of mischievous animals," replied the captain, "and the Nautilus is not a butcher's knife."

"I like my harpoon better," answered the Canadian.

"Each to his arm," replied the captain, looking fixedly at Ned Land.

I feared that the Canadian would give way to some act of violence that would have deplorable consequences. But his anger was averted by the sight of a whale which the Nautilus had just come up with.

The animal had not been able to escape the cachalots' teeth. The unfortunate cetacean was lying on its side, its belly riddled with holes from the bites, and

quite dead. [From its mutilated fin still hung a young whale that it had not been able to save from the massacre.

Captain Nemo steamed the Nautilus close to the body of the animal. Two of his men mounted on the whale's side, and I saw, not without astonishment, that they were drawing from its udders all the milk they contained—that is to say, about two or three tons.

The captain offered me a cup of this milk, which was still warm. I could no help showing him my repugnance to this drink. He assured me that it was excellent, and not to be distinguished from cow's milk.

I tasted it, and was of his opinion. It was a useful reserve for us, for this milk under the form of butter or cheese would make an agreeable variety to our daily food.

From that day I noticed, with uneasiness, that Ned Land's ill will for the captain increased, and I resolved to watch the Canadian's doings and gestures very closely.

(Continued to-morrow)

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM WAS FIRST

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

Did you ever wonder how our National Anthem was created? A bunch of actors played it first.

IT was on a Saturday night in September, 1745, that "God Save the King" first was sung—or rather played. And Drury Lane was the stage.

We owe our National Anthem to the patriotic action of a group of actors—or rather to Mr. Lacy, who was then manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

Think of the year—1745. Prince Charlie had raised his banner in the North, had had more than one success, and was actually coming to London at the head of his more or less ragged host! London was in a whirl of excitement. (So was Charlie, for that matter, but London didn't know it.)

OH, JOHNNY!

At Prestonpans, ten miles from Edinburgh, Charlie had defeated the ill-equipped army of General Cope by stealing on their camp before the English soldiers were awake, and the victors were singing the refrain, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin' yet?"

On Saturday, September 28th, there appeared an announcement in a London paper to the effect that "Mr. Lacy, Master of His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, has applied for leave to raise 200 Men in Defence of His Majesty's Person and Government, in which the Whole Company of Players are willing to engage."

The play to be produced that night was "The Alchemist," by Ben Jonson. At the end of the play twenty men appeared, and, stepping forward from the company, with uplifted hands, began to sing new words to an old tune.

The words were the verses of what has become our National Anthem.

Not only Drury Lane did this. The rival house, Covent Garden, copied the idea, and before long every playhouse in London was doing the same.

In the famous Assembly Rooms of Mrs. Wiltshire, at Bath, Mr. Sullivan sang:

"God save brave George our King,  
God save our Noble King,  
God save the King!"

The words and tune had appeared in a song collection called *Thesaurus Musicus* (Musical Treasury) several months previously. But it was Lacy, of Drury Lane, who discovered the patriotic lines and got them set to his own stage. Soon everybody was singing the song.

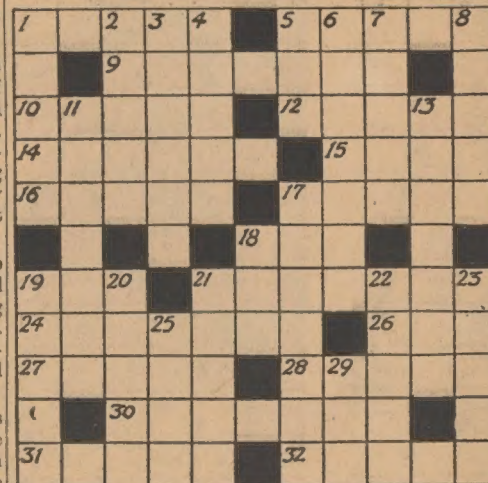
FOLLOW THE LEAD.

Newspapers all over the country, copied the song. It was sung everywhere in public and in private.

In a short time it became associated with the Flag. And gradually, hardly with the nation knowing it, "God Save the King" became recognised as the national song.

And, of course, other nations followed and made their own national songs. But "God Save the King" was the first, and the stage of Drury Lane invented the National Anthem.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Demonstrates.
- 5 Shoot of plant.
- 9 Time off.
- 10 In front.
- 12 One who submits proposal.
- 14 Firework.
- 15 Unit.
- 16 Is overfond.
- 17 Beasts of burden.
- 18 Coating in kettle.
- 19 Stitch.
- 21 Acid liquid.
- 24 Manuals.
- 26 Pronoun.
- 27 Showy flower.
- 28 Ples.
- 30 Tufty attachments.
- 31 Designate.
- 32 Strips on sail.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Turf.
- 2 Chosen.
- 3 Lose power.
- 4 Teams.
- 5 Total.
- 6 Get.
- 7 Make merry.
- 8 Lassies.
- 11 Steam whistles.
- 13 Graceful.
- 17 Irish province.
- 18 Tree.
- 19 Short gaiters.
- 20 Amusing in speech.
- 21 Poetry.
- 22 Prickly shrub.
- 23 Reclines.
- 25 Ground grain.
- 29 Drink.

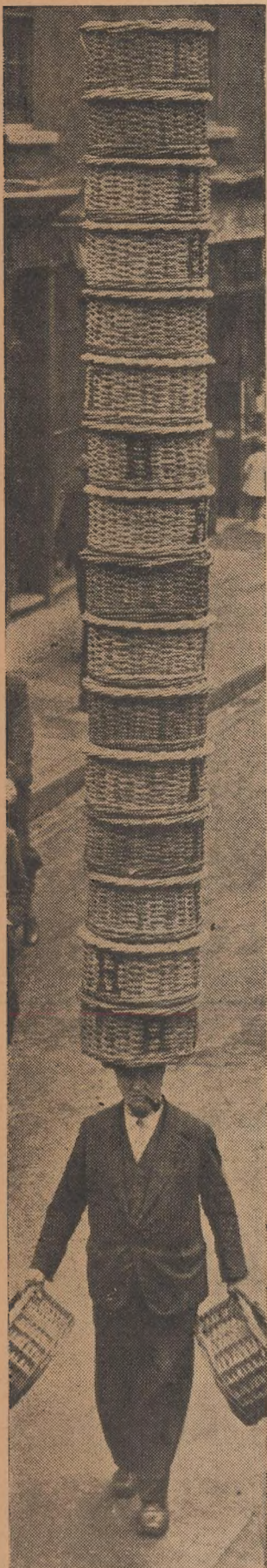
MUSCAT FADS  
ANT LOBELIA  
SLOWLY ZINC  
KERRY Y V K  
SAKE PAPERS  
S SHAKO O  
WHITEN SCOW  
E M Y TERSE  
AFAR SEDATE  
LOGICAL PEP  
DEEP PLIERS



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## HIGH HAT!



A tiskit a taskit  
Can that guy hold a  
basket?

## LET'S FACE IT—YES, LET'S

Yes, boys, this IS Dona Drake starring with Bob Hope in Paramount's adaption of Broadway musical "Let's Face It." Now we know why that guy Hope always has a smile on his face, and whether Dona is a descendant of the Admiral or no, she certainly has us all "at sea."



## Ah—Bisto!

"Don't be too particular governor, we've waited far too long to worry about how thick you cut the darned stuff."



## This England

"Bagging," and when the horses are revelling in the enjoyment of their hard-earned meal, he'll no doubt take a seat underneath the tree, and dive into his snack of bread and cheese. How many times have we enjoyed the luxury ourselves?

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've had mine in the Galley."

